

J. Cole "2012"

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Verse 1: J. Cole

Yes, straight out the Ville and I'm blessed.
Never met death, well, at least not yet.
Off to the place where they rest on the flowers.
Niggas get wetter, like sex in the shower.
Dear Lord, what am I here for?
Is it the hoes? Or the money? Or is there more?
I know the world is going to come to an ending.
Before it does can finish up my sinning?
I see the devil grinning, as if he was winning.
This is the bottom of the ninth inning
I'm coming back like light skinned.
What a sad sight, looking at my gas light.
Like "Damn man, I just threw 10 in"
Look five dollars won't get you were it use too
And look, love don't mean what it use too
And everybody and their mommas on youtube
Is this just me, or is this unusual?
Don't wanna loose ya', just wanna reach ya'll
So let me slow down, to the beat ya'll
Put the remote down, move your feet dawg
One time for the niggas holding heat ya'll
Keep that tucked, 'fore somebody get hurt
See me, I rather cut catch her body give birth
If you were the last nigga walking on earth
Turn yourself and clap your hands like this was church.

[Hook: J. Cole]

Trust the world ain't spinning for to-much longer
My nigga hope you ready, me and you both goners.
But in the meantime, homie do what you like
(Just, just) do what you like (Just, just) Hey!
Trust the world ain't spinning for to-much longer
My baby hope you ready, me and you both goners.
But in the meantime, shawty do what you like

Verse 2: J. Cole

I say money make the girls go down,
They say money make the world go 'round.
So my broke niggas, it ain't an ashame
Cause Bill Gates made it rain

And the world goin' drown.
Can I get a dollar?
Shawty got a low Impala.
Made that ass drop, hydrola', holla!
Know she got a man, and I don't understand
Why he don't grab that bitch by the collar
Follow, look uh,
I need my women a little hood.
Living in a world where bad means good.
That explains why the bad hoes attract 'em
That explains why the bad rappers go platinum.
Go DJ, go DJ
If the world stops spinning like a old DJ
Keep playing, I need a little more time,
Pre paying, just a few more dimes
We slaying, keep praying, hoping.
2012? You gotta be joking!
Ain't enough time and a nigga trynna' sign
But the whole world done lost they minds
Look, bombs over Baghdad, bullets in the Ville
This is not a test, this is not a drill.
This is all real so before we all kill,
Let me get one more feel. Baby!

[Bridge x2]

Earthquakes and tsunamis and hurricanes
You meaner than Katrina baby I gotta know your name
Before this thing is over this might be the last song
For the man upstairs put the lights on and shut this
party down

[Hook]

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